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A BRIEF

HISTORY OF THE REBELLION

AND A

LIFE

OF

GEN. McCLELLAN,

CONTAINING

SOME FACTS NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

BY G. W. RICHARDS,

Counsellor at Law

PHILADELPHIA:
PUBLISHED BY J. MAGEE,
316 CHESTNUT STREET.
1862.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by J. Magee, 316 Chesnut Street Phil'a,
in the District Court of the U. S., for the Eastern District of Penn'a.

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McCLELLAN AND THE REBELLION.

THERE is perhaps no part of English history that is more interesting than the Jacobite rebellion, thousands flocked to the standard of the chevalier, whose courtly manners won the hearts of all. He was the descendant of a hundred kings, the blood of the great Saxon monarchs, of the ancient rulers of Scotland, of William the Conqueror, and of the Tudors, all flowed in his veins. Gold and titles were liberally promised, when the rightful heir to the crown then worn by the elector of Hanover should sit in Westminster and hold the sceptre, but not one of these visions were destined to be realized. Among the old Scottish gentry, who testified their allegiance to the ancient house of Stuart, was McClellan, of Kircudbright, on the Galway, whose enthusiam for the exiled family induced him to rally in support of their claims, and with a body of Highlanders he was present at the fatal battle of Culloden, which forever exterminated the hopes of the Stuart dynasty. Some of the adherents of the ill-starred race, perished by the bullet, cord, and axe; others were saved by woman's devotion. A few attached themselves to the wandering and uncertain fortunes of the pretender, and some emigrated to the provinces, or as they were then styled colonies.

Among these last was McClellan, of Kircudbright, who settled in Massachusetts, at or near the town of Worcester; but the martial spirit of the family did not die with the brave clansmen who wore the tartan and grasped the claymore. When Britain unwisely oppressed her colonies, another of the same ilk, though nursed far from bonny Scotland, drew his sword against the King of England, and manfully contended for the rights of his country; this was General Samuel McClellan, the son of the first settler. His son, James McClellan was the father of Dr. George McClellan, the direct ancester of General George B. McClellan. By the maternal side, Dr. McClellan was connected with the Eldredge family, one of the most well-known in New England, and Mrs. McClellan, (the Dr.'s mother,) lost at the storming of Groton, near New London, eleven near relatives, who were either killed or mortally wounded. The General's great-grandfather was a distinguished officer during the whole of the Revolutionary War. He was present at the battle on Long Island and the evacuation of New York. Thus we have shown that ever since the advent of the McClellan family in North America, they have been eminently distinguished as military officers, and that the Scottish valor, mixed with prudence, has descended to our own times.

George McClellan, the father of the general, deserves a passing notice. To the writer of this sketch, he was extremely well known; and was one of the most remarkable men that he ever saw. Nature had endowed him with a rare tenacity of purpose and a great intellect, he saw at one glance, the disease, the temperament and constitution of the patient and the remedy to be applied; his tact was unerring, and his sagacity never led him astray; if the malady were not serious, he in the course of five minutes afforded the necessary relief, reassured the sufferer, and often by a well timed jest charmed away hypochondria. Nor was benevolence deficient in his character, and this, a single incident, will show. A poor woman had applied to him in rather a serious complaint of the eyes; the prescription was given, and the doctor in a few days called to see his patient; to his great surprise, he found her at the wash tub, and sternly reproved her, she replied that her circumstances compelled her to work, he placed $20 in her hands, and said, "Now go to bed, that will keep you for a while." This great Surgeon died at the age of fifty-one, and after a very short indisposition. The expression of Macbeth in relation to Duncan, suited him, "After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well."

George B. McClellan, the present Commander-in-chief of the United States Army, was born in the city of Philadelphia, December 3d, 1826; his mother was Elizabeth Brinton, of an opulent and respectable family; he received his early education at the best schools which the metropolis of Pennsylvania afforded, and at a suitable time, entered the university. In early boyhood he read a poem of which Arthur was the hero, and was so fascinated with the daring of the warrior, that he persuaded his parents to give a younger brother the name of his favorite. His manners then were extremely modest and retiring; he was frequently in the habit of going on business for his father to the house of a well-known citizen, and never would enter the parlor. Mrs. —— would repeatedly ask him to come in, but no, the entry, he said, would do as well, he was not cold.

Accident led him to quit the university, and after some solicitation, in the proper quarters, a commission was obtained, and he was ranked as a cadet at West Point in 1842; the severe discipline, and intense mathematical studies of this great institution, suited the aspirant for military honors, and he graduated second in the class of June 1846.

The difficulties with Mexico were then at their height, and the young cadet was immediately appointed Second Lieutenant of Sappers and Miners, and detailed for duty in Gen. Taylor's army, and acted as pioneer on the march from Vittooria to Metamoras, in opening roads, crossing fords, and clearing encampments. The same duty was also rendered by him on the route to Tampico, and the lieutenant was mentioned in the most laudatory terms by Gen. Scott and Col. Totten, Chief of Engineers. The Corps of Sappers and Miners is perhaps one of the most useful in the army, and demands the most incessant vigilance. Lieut. McClellan shared in the honors of the final victory; and for his services was breveted 1st Lieutenant of Engineers. On the 12th of September, a higher rank was offered, but modestly declined; a few days after, he was breveted captain for gallant and chivalrous conduct at Chapultepec and Mexico; this was accepted. He was the first man to enter the ancient capital of the Aztecs.

History has not yet done justice to the hard won fields of Mexico; the difficulties seemed almost insuperable, the dishonorable and uncertain method of warfare pursued by the enemy, the rabble of which the Mexican army was composed, the heat of the climate, and lastly the terrible maladies engendered by the fruitful and productive soil, all more or less impeded the termination of hostilities, but the southern foe was forced to yield to the prowess of the Anglo Saxon race.

After the Mexican campaign was ended, Captain McClellan, still in command of the Sappers and Miners, returned to West Point, and there acted as field professor till 1851. He also taught during that year the bayonet exercise, and translated from the French a Manual of Exercise on the Bayonet Service, which is now a text-book in the service. In the same year Fort Delaware was also constructed under his superintendence.

The territory of the United States is so great that it seems almost impossible to get an accurate idea of the very distant settlements, and in 1852 the government resolved to investigate the country on the Red River, only known by the reports of the traders and the visits of a few missionaries, a bishop in fact had been consecrated for that part of the world, some time before; to this expedition, under the command of Captain Randolph B. Marcy, Captain McClellan was attached.

Captain McClellan was now a rising officer, and stood high in the opinion of the Secretary of War, and in 1852, acting under a commission, he made a harbor and coast survey of Texas, and in 1853 a full report of the same. Immediately after this document had been filed, Capt. McClellan was detailed in charge of the northern route for the Pacific Railway; the order was issued April 8, 1853. Jefferson Davis, then Secretary of War, in his report to Congress, specifically alludes to the intrepid and persevering conduct of Captain McClellan in field operations. In November, 1854, after having thoroughly examined the railway system of the United States, he made a report on the same.

The European war, in 1855, attracted universal attention. It was well known that some of the greatest military talent of Europe would superintend the operations on each side, to gather information. The Cabinet, after mature consideration, dispatched three officers to the seat of war, Major R. Delafield, Alfred Mordecai, and George B. McClellan, as junior, to inspect the fortifications, the *modus operandi* in all military affairs, and to make a full report. These gentlemen were received on their arrival in England with all courtesy, and every facility extended which could further their mission. France held back, evincing some jealousy, and acting with a spirit of reserve unusual in a civilized nation. Russia interposed also some diplomatic delays, and never fully satisfied the demands of the commissioners. On the 13th of July, 1855, Baron Lieven informed the American officers that the forts of Sebastopol, Sweaborg, and Revel, could not be visited. It will be useless to follow the commission step by step. From some of the European continental powers, they gained valuable information, of which the nation now reaps the benefit. On the return of the commissioners the result of their travels and observations was published in some quarto volumes, fully illustrated. That of McClellan covered nine different topics, followed by the "regulations for the field service of cavalry in time of war, for the United States Army." This last section was translated from the original Russian acquired, while the commission was sojourning in the great northern empire. In the spring of 1857, Captain McClellan again was in service, at West Point, but finding his duties irksome, and no chance of preferment, he tendered his resignation, and returned to civil life.

Railways are exceedingly necessary in all parts of the world, but are of peculiar importance in the United States. The Directors of the Illinois Central Railroad demanded, in particular, a person of great skill, tact, practical and scientific knowledge to direct its vast plans. All these gentlemen were individuals of fortune, business qualifications, and capital judges of merit. The position heretofore held by McClellan pointed him out as a man admirably adapted for the task, and after some negotiations, which extended through the fall of 1856, he was named vice president and chief engineer. His labors finally ended in 1860. In September of the same year, the superintendency of the Ohio and Mississippi Railway was committed to his charge.

But a time was now close at hand, when every man's patriotism was to be fully tested. South Carolina, the smallest and weakest of the States, had dared to subvert the glorious fabric, reared by the blood and toils of our patriotic ancestors, or at least to traitorously make the attempt; but she knew little of the Northern, Middle, and Western people; there is a vital difference between the two great sections; the South relies on the labor of others; the North upon her own efforts. Labor in the one is a sure passport to honor and distinction; and the Northern mechanics proudly point to the Senate, the bar, and the pulpit, whose most dignified posts are filled by men, who, like themselves, have toiled in the workshop, wielded the hammer, plied the axe, or worked at the case: Franklin, Sherman, Eckford, Kelly, Rittenhouse, Gates, Young, Fillmore, and MacHale, are among their brightest and choicest jewels. In the South, labor is at a discount. The Northern artisan is tolerated and considered as a necessary evil. A poor and proud gentry, living on worn out plantations, scarcely able to support themselves, and utterly incapable of paying their quota of the national expenses, are widely diffused throughout the slaveholding States, who proudly say that they are invincible, cannot be beaten, and prate incessantly about high-toned gentlemen and Southern chivalry; such is a fair transcript of the great majority of the Southern gentlemen, as they loftily style themselves. This conversation is not confined to the ignorant and uneducated, but the same sentiments were manifested in a letter from the Bishop of Charleston to the Archbishop of New York.

The loyal States rose as one man; the pulpits resounded with invitations to arms; the poets strung their lyres; flags floated from all the public edifices; military companies were formed, and their ranks rapidly filled; the mechanic forsook his workshop, and the printer his stick; all were anxious to show their zeal for the good cause; the old women, who could do no more, knitted socks and mittens for the absent soldiers; secret hoards were opened, and the contents freely disbursed in the military service; half dollars hermetically sealed in stockings were exchanged for Treasury notes; all political distinctions vanished. This is but a faint picture of the reality, of the earnest but quiet enthusiasm of the great Northern people. An army was created, as if by magic, in the course of a month. Many army and navy officers, who had retired from the service, tendered their aid, and were accepted; among those from Philadelphia, we may record Lieut. P. G. Watmough and Lieut. E. Y. McCauly, who were immediately reinstated in their former rank, as lieutenants in the Navy.

At such a juncture, McClellan could not be idle—the blood of the Highlander stirred in his veins, and he instantly tendered his resignation to the directors, but it was not accepted, and he is still President of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad. By the first call for volunteers, Ohio was required to furnish thirteen regiments and their officers. By legislative enactment of April, 1861, the Governor was empowered to name one Major General and three Brigadiers. The first rank was immediately conferred upon George B. McClellan, who had the gigantic undertaking on his shoulders of drilling, clothing and equipping an army of raw recruits; but these men had the right material, and on the 17th of April, Governor Jennison officially announced that two regiments were on their way to Washington; this was only two days after receiving the President's proclamation.

The department of Ohio, comprising Ohio, Western Pennsylvania, Western Virginia, Indiana, and Illinois, was organized and placed under the command of General McClellan. The campaign in Western Virginia determined, McClellan issued two proclamations, one to the loyal men of Virginia, and the other to his soldiers, both couched in strong, but simple terms.

The war was vigorously prosecuted in Western Virginia, the enemy hotly pressed, and on the third of June, 1861, two thousand rebels were surprised at Phillippi by the federal troops; fifteen were killed, ten taken prisoners, and the rest fled; the federal loss was two killed, and twenty-five wounded. The rebels now saw defeat staring them in the face, but still battled manfully. On the 9th of July, the army reached Beverly, and on the following day, a portion of the forces stationed at Buckhannon had a skirmish, but retreated in good order. On the 12th, Beverly was surrendered; General McClellan then had in his possession a large quantity of stores, two hundred tents, and six brass cannon, taken from the rebels. On the 13th, the column commanded by General Morris, belonging to General McClellan's division, came up with the rebel forces, then retreating under Garnett, near St. George; both sides fought desperately, but victory declared in favor of the federal troops; on the side of the government, there were thirteen killed and forty wounded. A large number of the secessionists were captured; and a minie ball entering on the left of the spine, piercing the heart, and coming out of the right nipple, instantly killed General Garnett. The enemy was entirely routed; two thousand out of five thousand only escaping; the defeat of Garnett operated very beneficially in Western Virginia, and the Wheeling Convention was now free to pursue its plans unmolested.

Major General Winfield Scott had long and most efficiently served his country, but the disaster of Bull Run indicated very plainly that a younger and stronger man was needed as acting commander. The brave old Virginian, who had so gallantly fought his country's battles, did not shrink from the duties assigned him; but age and infirmities began to tell heavily upon him, and on the 1st of August, 1860 Major General George B. McClellan was named as acting Commander, and summoned to the Capitol to be invested with that important charge.

Business now reigned paramount. No one was admitted to General McClellan's rooms unless on particular business. The greatest vigilance was maintained in the office of the department, and the utmost secrecy in regard to the movements of the army. But a new source of anxiety was superadded to the heavy cares of the young General. Public opinion began to whisper that the journey to Richmond was too long delayed, that McClellan did not advance; these politicians were unacquainted with military tactics, and were not competent judges of the movements of a great army. The acting General disregarded these insinuations, being assured by the President of the entire confidence that he reposed in him. The hopes of the nation are now centred in McClellan, and from him all expect a restoration of order and tranquility. On the 1st of November, 1861, Lieutenant General Scott resigned the office of Commander-in-Chief, which now devolved on the acting General. His advances to Richmond, have been slow but sure, and it seems to be the generally recognized opinion, that ere long, the Capitol of rebeldom will submit to the fate of Norfolk and New Orleans.

At the last battle near Richmond, Sunday, June 1, 1862, General McClellan was on the field, and his presence greatly cheered the soldiers. Some foreign officers of distinction, now in this country, have greatly applauded McClellan's military genius and his tactics. In the battle last mentioned, the use of the bayonet was particularly effective.

It may be remembered that General McClellan lays much stress upon the proper application of this weapon, and that he has adopted a manual on its exercise from the French. He thus details to the Secretary of War the last battles fought. The engagement of Saturday, Sunday and Monday he christens the battle of Fair Oaks.

WASHINGTON, June 5.—The following despatch was received to-day at the War Department:—

"NEW BRIDGE, June 5, 10-30, A. M.—To the Hon. E. M. STANTON, Secretary of War.

"My telegraph despatch of June 1st, in regard to the battle of Fair Oaks, was incorrectly published in the newspapers. I send with this a correct copy, which I request may be published at once.

"I am the more anxious about this since my despatch, as published, would seem to ignore the services of General Sumner, which were too valuable and brilliant to be overlooked, both in the difficult passage of the stream and the subsequent combat.

"The mistake seems to have occurred in the transmission of the despatch by telegraph.

"G. B. McCLELLAN,
"Major-General Commanding."

"FIELD OF BATTLE, June 1st.

"Hon. E. M. STANTON, Secretary of War:—We have had a desperate battle, in which the corps of Sumner and Heintman, and Keyes have been engaged against greatly superior numbers. Yesterday, at one o'clock, the enemy, taking advantage of a terrible storm which had flooded the valley of the Chickahominy, attacked our troops on the right bank of that river.

"This caused a temporary confusion, during which some guns and baggage were lost. But Heintzleman and Kearney most gallantly brought up their troops, which checked the enemy.

"At the same time, however, General Sumner succeeded, by great exertions, in bringing across Sedgwick's and Richardson's Divisions, who drove back the enemy at the point of the bayonet, covering the ground with his dead.

"This morning the enemy attempted to renew the conflict, but was everywhere repulsed.

"We have taken many prisoners, among whom are General Pettigrew and Colonel Long. Our loss is heavy, but that of the enemy must be enormous. * * * * * our men have behaved splendidly. Several fine bayonet charges have been made. The Second Excelsior made two to-day.

"(Signed) G. B. McCLELLAN,
"Major-General Commanding."

"HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
Camp, near New Bridge, June 2.

"SOLDIERS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC:—I have fulfilled, at least, a part of my promise to you. You are now face to face with the Rebels, who are held at bay in front of the Capitol.

"The final and decisive battle is at hand. Unless you belie your past history, the result cannot be for a moment doubtful. If the troops who labored so faithfully and fought so gallantly at Yorktown, and who so bravely won the hard fights at Williamsburg, West Point, Hanover Court House, and Fair Oaks, now prove worthy of their antecedents, the victory is surely ours.

"The events of every day prove your superiority. Wherever you have met the enemy you have beaten him. Wherever you have used the bayonet he has given way in panic and disorder.

"I ask of you now one last crowning effort. The enemy has staked his all on the issue of the coming battle. Let us meet him and crush him here in the centre of the Rebellion.

"Soldiers! I will be with you in this battle, and share the dangers with you. Our confidence in each other is now founded upon the past. Let us strike the blow which is to restore peace and union to this distracted land.

"Upon your valor, discipline, and mutual confidence the result depends.

"(Signed) GEORGE B. McCLELLAN,
"Major-General Commanding."

The following extracts from the correspondence of those on the now celebrated ground may not be without interest:—

"After a quiet day or two at this point, I was informed about noon on Saturday by an aid of General Keyes, that the enemy were rushing large reinforcements down from Richmond, on our left, along the Coach or Bottom Bridge road, and the Charles City road. Preparing for battle immediately, we were not long kept in suspense; for the roar of cannon and the rattle of musketry told it was begun on the left in earnest. Whole volleys, mixed with incessant file firing, harmonizing with the base boom of our artillery, and the vocal accompaniment of thousands of lungs, cheering, made up a concert that could not be equalled, even by the imagination. The din went on, and still no fighting with us; but, on a sudden, pickets came riding with breathless haste, to inform us that a whole division of the enemy, headed by a strong column of cavalry, were driving in our pickets and marching directly on our flank. Comfortable news for a Captain of artillery, with four guns and only one regiment of infantry (Thirty-first Pennsylvania) to support him! So changing front to right, we advanced the guns into an oat field. After considerable suspense, General Couch rode across the fire from the left of our lines, (which appeared from the sound to be falling back,) bringing with him three regiments, Colonel Neill, Twenty-third Pennsylvania; Colonel Ricker, Sixty-second New York; and the New York Chasseurs, Colonel Cochrane, apparently in hope of opening a flank fire from the railroad to check the enemy's advance. Telling me to feel them in the woods with my shell, we discovered nothing of them but the skirmishers, who gave themselves up after the opening of our fire.

"The mistake in coming to reinforce me was discovered in an instant, for our guns ceased firing on the, left, and the road of communication was occupied by the enemy. Orders were immediately given for the Sixty-second to charge down the road up which they had come, and so connect with our comrades. But it was too late; when half way down, they discovered it blocked up by imposing masses, ready for a charge in our direction. However, upon sighting our men coming down on the double-quick, with bayonets fixed, the enemy changed their mind, and broke to the right and left, taking positions in the woods to give us a flank fire. This the good sense of our officers prevented, by halting and marching quietly back to the railroad station. In an instant my guns were planted, covering the road. A consultation was had, and in view of the enemy's advance on our right extending to our rear, it was decided to form in line of battle in an adjoining clearing, about a mile wide and half a mile deep. I then asked permission to examine a road, which one of my corporals reported running through the woods to the rear, whereby we could again join our comrades, who had fallen back, fighting every inch of ground. Having done this successfully, we found we could make a connection with General Birney, about half a mile in the rear. But simultaneously with my return, up came General Sumner, from the other side of the Chickahominy, on our right, every man at a full run. The brave, cool old man formed each regiment, as it came up, in line of battle to the right and left of our battery, bringing with him three guns of Kirby's battery to lend a hand. All came in time, line formed, and the ball began. The enemy advanced to the very edge of the woods, within fifty yards of my guns, and on front line. As we had no time to throw out skirmishers, they came upon us unseen, advanced outside of the brush, fell on their knees, and delivered the first fire. This fire appeared to do most harm among our officers. Never did I hear such a rush of musket balls; it appeared like a fierce crash of wind through the rigging of a storm-tossed ship. Our men returned the fire without even stooping against the leaden gale; but rather took one step in advance, and then delivered fire in concert with the angry hail of canister from my guns. Nothing could equal the rapidity of our fire; it took five extra men to each gun to keep ammunition supplied. 'Canister, canister,' was all I could repeat. Men fell, and horses were cut down around my guns; but still there was no cessation in the cry for 'canister,' and the hurrying to and fro for more, with the mad gesticulating of the sweating rammers as they sent home the charges, made a wild scene. 'Canister is out!' caught my ear; and in an instant, unthinking, I sung out, 'Shell without fuze.' The next moment our guns belched bursting shell and spherical case right in the face of the enemy.

"Just at this critical juncture they charged, advancing half way in the field, right on our guns, scarce twenty yards from our muzzle. But no farther—the 'rotten shot,' as one of the poor wounded rebels graphically termed it next morning, was too much for them. 'No one,' he said, 'could stand, for it flew every way.' Those that charged were buried there next day.

"During the heat of the action I was ordered to shift two guns, across the fire, more to the centre, which was getting badly cut up. When I reached them I found room enough to wheel my horses; I had to ask no one to 'open ranks for the guns,' for space enough was opened already. So, dropping our trails, load ready, the cry was, 'there they come again, give it to them.' The scene here was singular. Each man along our broken line stood loading and firing, as though his comrades were all around him; and when a charge was made on them, they advanced a step or two, as if to meet it, and to fire at the enemy at the same volley. The latter could not stand the pressure. Again these two guns were trotted out to support the Seventh Minnesota, who held the enemy in flank, with the men lying down in a clover-field. The shout of exultation they set up, when we reached the right, was truly gratifying, as we swept proudly round in battery, the enemy paying my horses and cannoniers his best attention. Twenty rounds of our 'rotten shot' fired, as it seemed, in as many seconds, directly on their flank, closed the battle. They gave way, leaving all their wounded and dead behind. Colonels, Captains, and Lieutenants lay mingled with the common soldiers, groaning in their agony. The bodies of the poor, deluded, suffering fellows, lay strewn around in all possible attitudes, pouring out the ebbing tide of life. The wounded lay all night in the woods, wailing for help. What a spectacle the Sabbath morning opened to our view! * * *

"But hark! the battle begins again. It is the rebels' favorite fighting day. They are reinforced on our left, and the fire soon rises into one terrible war of artillery and musketry. It lulls, and then begins again with renewed determination. On both sides volley follows volley; regiment after regiment are rushed to the left. Two hours, and the battle still rages. Men fall as thick as they fell in yesterday's fight. McClellan comes. Meagher rides along the line of the Irish Brigade, waving the green banner, and crying 'Charge! charge!' Our men cheer, and in go the gallant Sixty-ninth, with their bayonets before them. Regiment after regiment press forward on the run; the firing stopped, and the enemy try to fly. But Bull Run had to be avenged, and many a man of them was pinned to the trees by our bayonets." * * *

"About twelve o'clock our lines were attacked on the left—Casey's and Smith's Division, a portion of Couch's was in it; Birney's, now Neill's Twenty-third, Sixty-first, Colonel Rippley, composed of Philadelphians and Pittsburghers, about equal in numbers, and the First Long Island regiment. We were badly cut up; the Sixty-first losing their Colonel, Lieutenant-Colonel, Major, and about five hundred men; the Long Island lost two hundred; Birney's, between one and two hundred. The fight went on until near three o'clock, P. M., we getting the worst of it. Arrangements were being made for a retreat, when word came that reinforcements were coming from all quarters. Sumner was soon with us. He instantly ordered a new line of battle, and brought the great Rickett's battery, which the rebel General Magruder was once Captain of. He said to his men, 'Take that battery, but spare the men.' They were his own at one time. They did spare the men, but *did not take the battery*. Well, the rebels made three great, bold, and daring charges, but were repulsed each time with heavy loss; the last was the greatest cut of all. General Sumner ordered the firing to cease, and load double charges of grape and canister, and the Fifteenth Massachusetts, which supported the battery on the left, and the Eighty-second (late Thirty-first) P. V., which supported it on the right, all ceased.

"It was now six, p. m., and we had been constantly engaged since four and a-half o'clock. Well, as I said, it was the third time of the rebels' charge. Our battery and infantry, all loaded, waited until the enemy got within twenty or thirty feet of us, when both artillery and infantry poured such a volley of shot into their ranks, that they were mowed down like grass, and repulsed with very heavy loss. They made seven unsuccessful charges on our regiment, but we stood it from four and a-half o'clock till seven and a-half (dark), three hours of the hardest kind of fighting. We stood our ground, and never moved an inch until next morning. We slept on the ground we fought on. Each man was provided with sixty rounds of ammunition, and had ten left after the fight; some of the boys went it rather 'strong,' and had none left.

"The great Hampton Legion, of South Carolina—their brag brigade—with two thousand men, were in the attack on our point. We killed and wounded, so it is said, nearly one thousand of them. I do not vouch for it, but this much I know, their loss was severe. From eight o'clock until midnight of this memorable day, we were collecting the wounded and prisoners out of the woods. You see by this: Secesh were in the woods, and we on the edge—a fence between—we kneeled, loaded, and fired, and gave orders to fire low. Most of their shots went flying over our heads, which accounts for the small loss our regiment sustained. Our regiment, with its supports, a New York and Minnesota regiment, lay on their faces, concealed by the woods. They were in the act of rushing on another New York regiment beyond, firing the while, until they came near our proximity, when, like the man of 'Roderick,' of Clan Alpine fame, up we rose and gave them such a volley, that hundreds of them, no doubt, were 'unable to tell they were hurt.'

"The night after a battle is worse than the day. The cries of the wounded for water, and seeing the dead—with the varied expressions of countenances—some biting a cartridge, others in the act of ramming, and countless positions, lying around you, is enough to try the nerves of the strongest."

A correspondent of the *World*, writing from the camp before Richmond, on the 7th instant, says:—

"The army before Richmond is still fighting, but with the elements now. More unfavorable weather for speedy and successful operations cannot well be conceived. It was by the greatest good fortune imaginable that Sumner, on the last but memorable Saturday, succeeded in getting over the river. If it astonished the enemy then to learn that he had crossed, it is equally surprising to us now to learn how he did it. His rearmost baggage wagon had scarce been hauled off the floating and perilous causeway of logs, before the rushing waters swept the timbers away, making huge gaps in the work, and rendering that avenue of approach entirely useless. Thrice was it repaired during the three following days, and as often was it swept away. Officers and men suffered for subsistence; wagons were not able to move an inch; Bottom Bridge temporarily gave way, and the first substantial crossing was by the railroad bridge, which was so repaired by Tuesday morning as to admit of the passage of infantry and cavalry. Each day this week until yesterday we have had pouring rains; muddy, impassable roads; short commons for men and animals; rising rivers, broken bridges, and destruction on all hands. But we survive; work yet progresses; something is daily done; future delays will be very brief; the seas of blood shed on the hard fought field of Fair Oaks will be avenged, and the fate of rebellion soon permanently settled. The army burns to administer to the rebel host before us the ignominininous fate to which Halleck and Pope have consigned Beauregard and his minions.

"The railroad bridge over the Chickahominy has been doubleplanked over the ties, so as to admit the passage of infantry and cavalry. The service of the road cannot be too highly appreciated. On Tuesday afternoon, shortly after the bridge was ready for passage, Colonel Averell's Third Pennsylvania Cavalry appeared, and in single file, with men mounted, commenced crossing the elevated tressel-work bridge, over one-fourth of a mile in length. At the extreme west end the road curves slightly, affording a good view to the rear. The sight of this long line of mounted men, in single file, extending as far back as the eye could reach, was one of the most novel and original we ever witnessed, and the universal desire to have the scene preserved on paper ought to have been gratified, and we trust 'our special artist,' even if not 'on the spot,' may still present it in some recognizable form.

"Dr. Gaines, of whom I have spoken before, and whose mansion is within sight, from my tent-fly, has been gobbled up by the Provost Marshal, and sent to Fortress Monroe. Two reasons are assigned for it. First, he made signals to the enemy; second, he threatened to dig up the bodies of all Union troops buried on his farm, and throw them into the Chickahominy. His live body has been taken, and very properly thrown into a dungeon. His clover fields and peach crop will be food for the Union army, instead of any part of said army being food for fishes.

"General Pettigrew is a small, lean, cadaverous, and long-haired South Carolinian. He is severely but not dangerously wounded in the upper part of the chest, the ball passing in near the breastbone and coming out at the shoulder. He is now at the house of Dr. Gaines. He talks freely; says the 'South can never be subjugated,' but adds, '*if it is*, then I shall go to Europe to end my days, for I will never live in a disgraced country.' 'If it is, and your mind already made up as to what you will do in case IT IS! we hope more of the same class will do likewise.'"

"The following sketches of camp life appeared in the Transcript. In addition to the Commander-in-chief they bring two distinguished persons on the stage:—

"Wherever General McClellan rides, it is easy to single out three remarkable figures from the brilliant group that rides near him. The Prince de Joinville is even more easily found than the others; he rides more characteristically, and his dress is peculiar. He 'slouches' loosely in his saddle, and stoops over. S. A. R., the Count de Paris, seems what he very certainly is—a brave gentleman and a gallant soldier. He is not a conventional prince, nor yet exactly a conventional soldier. We see in him the Bayard of France's royal race, a true knight and the champion of the future. His features and figure show the German blood that comes by his mother. He is larger and fuller in frame than the others, and promises to be fuller in flesh. His hair, too, verges towards the German tint, and the predominant expression on his face is a truly German amiability and good nature. Yet he is a true Frenchman; for, on the night of the battle of Williamsburg, when all near headquarters were cold, hungry and thirsty, he stood by the fire and nonchalantly ate chocolate, and offered a piece to General Sumner. That, we take it, proves his Gallicism. Sweet chocolate to a savage old soldier hungry as an earthquake.

"But of all princes the perfect beau ideal is the Duc de Chartres. He certainly realizes what has been dreamed by so many young ladies of what a perfect prince ought to be. Peculiarly effeminate in form and face, with a quick, nervous manner; courteous and brave, and always careful to look well—a gallant Frenchman all over, and a gallant soldier, too. He will doubtless be remembered in the future as the best approximation to personal royalty that we have yet seen on our side of the water.

"Whoever saw these men on this day, as, with General McClellan, they rode over the field of the Seven Pines, and up to, and into the fire, must have had odd fancies of the topsy-turvy arrangements of old Dame Fortune—born princes with their swords out in the cause of republican freedom and unity.

"How the battle-field mingles matters, too! Let the princes ride on, and we will stop here and take a quiet and inquisitive look at this man whom they saluted—Brigadier General Daniel E. Sickles. Near this little wooden house, and under this large oak tree, where his headquarters are established, the rebel horses were fed last night, and the rebel soldiers slept in their blankets. Sickles' men drove them away this day with the bayonet. So he has a right to the ground. And he sits there, too, as if he knew that he had a right to it. How easy his manners are! With what suavity he speaks to all! Handsome, proud, and brave, cool and clear-headed, he will win his way up, now that the way is clear. Success to the commander of as good a brigade as there is in all the army!"

Major General McClellan is rather more than an average scholar. As we have already shown, he is extremely well versed in mathematics and French; has a good command of Spanish, and a reading knowledge of Russian and German. He is a fair classical scholar, and is rather fond of poetry. He is modest, and rarely speaks of himself or his acquirements. His expression and figure are spirited and manly; the contour of the head is intellectual, and indicates great firmness and self-possession; as though, no matter what happened, he was determined to do what is right. In matters of business, he is always to the point, and exceedingly prompt, but never rude. One trait more must be mentioned, which will close this lengthy sketch. He never forgets the comforts of his soldiers or subordinates, and has an especial care of the sick and wounded. His private character is unspotted, and those most opposed to him highly respect him as a man.

THE REBELLION.

Before proceeding to the immediate history of the rebellion against the Government of the Union, or secession, as it is more commonly called, it will be necessary to glance for a moment at the introduction of slavery into the United States, when colonies, and how many of the States have retained it.

After the discovery of St. Domingo, by the Spaniards, the benevolent Bishop of Chiapa saw how severely the Indians were taxed by their new lords, and that their numbers were rapidly diminishing. To relieve the unhappy aborigines, he proposed the introduction of negroes, alleging that they were better fitted by their power and temperaments for enduring labor than the natives. To this Spain readily assented; but the Church of Rome refused to sanction this "man traffic." Leo X. vehemently declared that "Not the Christian religion only, but nature itself cries out against the state of slavery;" Paul III., in 1537, exclaimed against it in two briefs; Ximenès, the learned minister of Ferdinand and Isabella, refused to allow the importation of negroes in the recently acquired lands, affirming that they would increase in numbers, and eventually revolt. This prophecy was accomplished when St. Domingo was seized by the negroes, and the French rule ended forever. Spain found this traffic so lucrative that she at once engaged in it, and has continued its prosecution till the present day; but in most of the Catholic settlements there is a law for the negro, and he is recognized as a human being. Sir John Hawkins was the first Englishman who engaged in the slave trade. In 1562 he transported a large cargo of Africans to Hispaniola, and invested the proceeds in sugar, ginger, and pearls.

In the month of August, 1620, four months before the Plymouth colony landed in America, a Dutch man-of-war entered James River, and landed twenty negroes; and in the following year cotton was first planted in the colonies. This example was rapidly followed by the other colonies. Slave labor was sure; they could not run away; they were the property of their masters, body and soul. The laws of Virginia, so early as 1670, were extremely intolerant to the negro; and in 1672, it was made lawful for persons pursuing fugitive slaves "to wound or even kill them." In 1664, New York largely imported slaves, sometimes from the West Indies, and frequently direct from Guinea. Governor Stuyvesant was ordered to "promote the sale of negroes;" the average price was less than $140.

In 1645, Thomas Keyser and James Smith, the latter a member of the church of Boston, "sailed for Guinea to trade for negroes;" but a cry of indignation was raised against them from all parts of Massachusetts, and the negroes were ordered to be sent back to Africa, with apologetic letters. These sentiments did not prevent the traffic from spreading through all the States.

In 1671, Sir John Yeamans arrived from Barbadoes, with a cargo of slaves, and landed them in South Carolina. Thus slavery almost from the very beginning was an essential part of the domestic policy of this State; and she was the only one of the old thirteen in which it was the case.

But even in Virginia there were some opponents of the system; but it had become so profitable that the British Government was determined to foster it by all possible means, and thus matters went on till 1670. The halls of legislation and the pulpits uttered loud anathemas against slavery; again and again laws had been passed restraining the importation of negroes from Africa, and as often had they been disallowed. This was discussed by the King in Council, and a mandate was despatched forbidding the Governor to assent to any law which should prohibit or obstruct the importation of slaves. This order was debated in the Assembly of Virginia in 1772. Jefferson, Richard Henry Lee, Patrick Henry, and a little later President Laurens, of South Carolina, were vehemently opposed to slavery, and in favor of emancipation. The Virginians therefore addressed the King, who made no reply, "and the pernicious commerce was still carried on." Georgia was settled still later, and slavery was not introduced there till after a vigorous opposition.

After the yoke of Great Britain had been flung off, all the northern and eastern states passed laws gradually emancipating the colored population, and a very warm debate ensued in Congress concerning the slave trade. At last it was settled that the trade should be kept open till 1808, and after that time any persons importing slaves should be considered as guilty of piracy. When Missouri applied for admission into the Union, it was then determined that slavery was to be extended no further, but that it was to be allowed in the new state.

As a matter of history it may be assumed that all that the slave power asked was granted, till the smaller and weaker parts of the Union began to think that they were to lay down the law to their sister states; that they would remain so long as it suited their views. These facts were stated verbatim, in a conversation that took place in 1812, between Commodore Stewart and J. C. Calhoun, in which the latter declared that dissolution of the Union would eventually ensue, and that the south would take the initiatory step.

Late in the month of June, 1832, by a majority of thirty-two to sixteen in the Senate, and of one hundred and twenty-nine to sixty-five in the House, the Tariff Bill of Henry Clay reaffirming the protective principle on certain articles, and abolishing duties on those not needing protection, was passed. This had been debated all winter and spring. In the spring of 1831, J. C. Calhoun published his first treatise on nullification in the Pendleton Mercury. On the 19th of November, 1832, the citizens of South Carolina met in Convention, at Columbia, and passed the celebrated ordinance, November 24, 1832. This is so important that it merits a place here—as it was the very beginning of secession.

"1. That the tariff laws of 1828, and the amendment to the same of 1832, are null, void, and have no law nor binding upon this state, its officers, or citizens.

"2. No duties enjoined by that law or its amendment shall be paid in the state of South Carolina after the first day of February, 1833.

"3. In no case, involving the validity of the expected nullifying act of the Legislature, shall an appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States be permitted. No copy of proceedings shall be allowed to be taken for that purpose. Any attempt to appeal to the Supreme Court, may be dealt with as for a contempt of the court from which the appeal is taken.

"4. Every office-holder in the state, whether of the civil or military service, and every person thereafter assuming an office, and every juror, shall take an oath to obey this ordinance, and all acts of the Legislature in accordance therewith, or suggested thereby.

"If the government of the United States shall attempt to enforce the tariff laws now existing by means of its army or navy, by closing the ports of the state, or preventing the ingress or egress of vessels, or shall in any manner harass or obstruct the foreign commerce of the state, then South Carolina will no longer consider herself a member of the Federal Union. The people of this state will henceforth hold themselves absolved from all further obligation to maintain or preserve their political connection with the people of the other states, and will forthwith proceed to organize a separate government, and to do all other acts and things which sovereign and independent states may of right do."

The legislative body instantly passed the requisite acts for carrying out the ordinance; the necessary funds were voted; militia companies formed; palmetto cockades were universally worn; and, lastly, medals struck, with this inscription: "J. C. Calhoun, the First President of the Southern Confederacy." General Jackson had not been idle; private, but stringent instructions were sent to the Collector of the Port of Charleston, and a few days after General Scott went also "to superintend the safety of the ports of the United States in that vicinity." No language can possibly paint the bitter wrath and unsparing indignation of the old Tennessean against the traitors of South Carolina, and his famous proclamation soon electrified the whole Union. The matter was hastily adjusted, but not to the President's satisfaction; the old Roman always regretted to the last that he did not try, convict, and execute John C. Calhoun for high treason. The fugitive slave law was the next concession to the slaveholding states.

But mightier causes were at work, and a reaction had taken place, of which the founders of the Union did not dream. The Western States, in their time, were inhabited by the Indians, with now and then a white hunter, or a stray peddler, who came to barter his goods for peltries. These distant territories had now become of great value; flourishing cities, transacting an immense commercial business, and occupying the sites of Indian wigwams, astonished the world by their sudden growth and unparalleled prosperity. Buffalo, Cincinnati, and Chicago might vie in some respects with New York, Philadelphia, or Boston; and the rapid tide of emigration swelling westward, gave reasonable hopes that, at no far distant day, rivals to these great western queens might be created as suddenly as they; and a slight glance at data will show that this is highly probable.

Col. Graham estimated that the commerce passing over the St. Clair flats, in 1855, was over $250,000,000, or more than the exports of the whole Southern States for the year 1860. The same officer, in his reports upon Chicago harbor, estimates that the imports at Chicago in 1855 were $196,660,064.66, and the exports at $212,953,021.88. To Chicago alone there is a tributary length of railroad of 2,720 miles, which passes into her lap the vast amount just mentioned, which is mainly derived from lumber, coal, salt, iron, copper, and fish. In 1858, the value of the lake commerce imports and exports was $600,000,000, and employed thirteen thousand seamen; and the value of American tonnage on the lakes in the same year was $16,000,000. In the year 1857, the tonnage of Charleston amounted to 56,430 tons, while that of Chicago was 67,316. The whole area of the great lakes is 90,000 miles, and the land drained by them 335,515 miles. The territory is extremely fertile, and parts of it are suitable for cotton, and could produce grain enough to feed the world, the exports of that article from the lake ports being, in 1860, 100,000,000 bushels.

All these states were untainted with slavery, and thither the industrious emigrant who brought a small sum of money to the United States directed his steps. He did not care to go to the slave states; the competition was too great; he had no chance to rise; he never could be considered as an equal by his neighbors. The population of the lake states was free, hardy, and independent. Newspapers abounded, free schools were established, as also some educational establishments of a higher kind. This immense progress was viewed with a jealous eye by the South. The free states had rapidly increased. They were yearly richer by several millions, while she remained the same, or, perhaps, became poorer.

To this jealousy must also be added the efforts of the abolitionists, who waged an unceasing war against slavery, boldly assisted all fugitives, denounced slavery and its upholders, and whose press teemed with the most inflammatory documents of all kinds. This class of politicians embraced all the quakers, and an immense proportion of the literati of the country; the English people, from the queen to the beggar, sympathized with them; and there were, besides, numbers who privately encouraged, but did not dare to abet them openly. "The peculiar institutions of the South" was a sore topic with most of its supporters, who, when at the north were driven to great extremities, and defended this species of servitude very lamely;

rarely meeting the question in its fullest extent; but always resorting to some vague sophism or hackneyed reasoning, which could be crushed by a solid argument.

Two circumstances occurred which greatly tended to injure the cause of the slaveholder. This was the attempt to thrust slavery upon the people of Kansas, and the execution of John Brown; that this individual met his just doom, there can be no question, but his execution and the manner of his trial showed such intense fear that it gave the abolitionists what they required, a martyr.

Such was the state of things when the time approached to choose a successor to President Buchanan. The democrats were not successful, and the people's candidate, Abraham Lincoln, was elected. An intense panic pervaded the whole South; they saw themselves stripped of all their negroes, and these latter put upon an equality with themselves. These alarms were groundless; it was not the intention either of the Executive or his party, to interfere with the rights of the South even in that kind of property; that it was indeed the desire of some to extend it no further, and that the wisest and most reflecting part of the Union would do nothing to compromise the rights of their southern brethren, was a well-known fact. By the order of Secretary Floyd, who afterwards left the cabinet, matters were so arranged that a large quantity of arms and ammunition was placed at the disposal of the rebels. A traitorous assembly met in South Carolina, and on the 20th of December, 1860, South Carolina paved the way by an open withdrawal from the United Sates. This news was received with the greatest enthusiasm in the city of Charleston. The Executive took no steps to check this rebellion, and constantly spoke of conciliation. Forts were seized in North Carolina, Georgia, and Alabama, and the public moneys also appropriated wherever they could be found.

On the 4th of January, 1861, the commissioners sent from South Carolina to treat for a peaceable cession of the United States property returned home, not having accomplished their object, and not having been received by the President in an official capacity. A defiant rebel speech was made in the United States Senate by Jefferson Davis, and the navy-yards at Pensacola surrendered. On the 19th, Georgia seceded by a vote of two hundred and eight to eighty-nine. A. H. Stephens, afterwards Vice-President of the so-called Confederacy, voting in the negative. In the meantime, the Star of the West, having on board two hundred and fifty troops and provisions for Anderson, was fired on from Fort Moultrie, and forced to put to sea. Mississippi, also, passed an ordinance of secession, by a vote of eighty-four to fifteen; Alabama seceded by a vote of sixty-one to thirty-nine; and Florida by a vote of sixty-two to seven. Floyd, the late Cabinet Minister, was proved a defaulter; the Constitution, at Washington, the organ of the rebels, and strongly sympathizing in all their movements, was suspended. Five of the states, before the 30th of January, had forfeited their allegiance to the old Union, and some officers of the navy had gone over, and John K. Hamilton, lately holding a commission, published a letter "exhorting all the United States officers to turn traitors, and break their oaths." On the 31st of January, $511,000, belonging to the government, was seized in the Branch Mint of the United States at New Orleans; the majority of the New England States repealed the personal liberty bills. Jefferson Davis and Alexander H. Stephens, who had been elected President and Vice-President of the self-styled Southern Confederacy, were inaugurated at Montgomery, Alabama, with great pomp and enthusiasm. Abraham Lincoln passed through Philadelphia on his way to Washington, having left Harrisburg at night, to avoid a rumored assassination. At Philadelphia he raised the stars and stripes on Independence Hall, with an appropriate speech; and on the 21st of February, 1861, in an address at Trenton, the President elect observed that "the foot must be put down firmly;" and on the 4th of March, 1861, Abraham Lincoln was solemnly recognized as President of the United States. The newly elected Chief Magistrate declared it to be his intention to vindicate the majesty of the law, and to retake possession of all the property stolen from the United States. On the 14th of April, 1861, Fort Sumter was in due form evacuated by the government troops, and the Palmetto Flag raised.

Since then the efforts of the government have been crowned with success, and the rebels have been flying constantly before the advancing Union forces. No European power has as yet recognized the Southern Confederacy, and the waters of the Atlantic, particularly near the southern coast, swarm with cruisers who intercept prizes constantly. The secession of December, 1860, is only the matured fruit of the nullification ordinance projected and promulgated by John C. Calhoun, with this important difference, that he knew where to stop, but his followers do not.

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